

1692

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To His Excellency

LIEUTENANT GENERAL
GINCKEL,
Commander in Chief of all Their Majesties
FORCES
IN
IRELAND;
Upon His Coming to
DUBLIN.

By R. Walf.

Hail! hail! great Captain whose Victorious Hand,
Has made Rebellion know, who can Command.
Has made them know, You always have Possess,
A Gen'rous Virtue in Your Noble Breast
Has done such Good to those would curse your Fame,
Your Foes are forc'd to Celebrate Your Name.
How have we heard, Your Enemies Extol,
A Mighty Heart, in Your Immortal Soul.
Thus Virtue can be Good, and not Unjust,
And those Acts Prays'd, tho' done but when needs must.

What Wonders! have You wrought in one Campaign?
What mighty Numbers, by Your Conduct Slain?
How have You Conquer'd, with a Mighty Hand?
Great Ginckell Fighting, when You did Command;
Glories Your Aim; Religion and the Laws,
Your Masters Honour, all Jeboya's Cause.

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But help my Muse, Oh! teach me to Express,
To Welcom our Great General in a Verse.
Who, when Commanding, Fought Himself 'gainst those;
Who durst the dread King *Williams* Will Oppose.
Whose mighty Presence, in the Battel made
The Foes that Fought against him so affraid;
That 'mongst the many Bullets that did Fly,
Most aim'd at Him; and all Shot to the Sky.
By Heaven preserv'd, his Conquest to compleat,
In one Campaign, He frees our Church and State:
And Honours now, his Labours Compensate.

The Heav'ns now Bless us, with a happy Sight
Of Him, who doth our Souls so much delight.
Whose Sunlike Beams, dismiss that Sullen Night,
Which did the Spirits of the just Affright.
Of Him who Fighting, made his Foes so Wonder,
As if it had been *Jove*, with all his Thunder.
As if He had been *Mars*, the God of War;
His mighty Actions, so Cœlestial are.
That when the Gods in a Conjunction sits,
They have need of Him, to Moderate their Wits.
For *Mars* too hasty, spoyl's what he Intends,
Unless Great *Jove*, Serene assistants Lends.
And Surly *Cronus*, is so slow that he,
Dispairs, before his Business Finished be.
And mighty *Sol's*, ambition is so Great;
He in the greatest Business, keeps his State.

Thus like the Gods is He! like them doth doe;
Like them, his Actions, with Success pursue.
Like *Mars* he's Hasty, like Great *Jove* he's Grave,
Like *Saturn* slow, like Glorious *Sol* he's Brave.

F I N I S.

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